Ro. Farewell.
I will omit no oportunitie,
That may conuey my greetings loue to thee.
Iu. O thinkeſt thou we ſhall euer meete againe?
Ro. I doubt it not, and all theſe woes ſhall ſerue
For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.
Iu. O God I haue an ill diuining ſoule,
Me thinkes I ſee thee now, thou art ſo lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a Tombe,
Either my eye-ſight failes, or thou lookeſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me loue, in my eye ſo doe you:
Dry ſorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.
Exit.

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renowm'd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But ſend him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Iu. Who iſt that cals? it is my Lady Mother.
Is ſhe not downe ſo late or vp ſo early?
What vnaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hether?
La. Why, how now *Iuliet*.
Iu. Madam, I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
What wilt thou waſh him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, ſome griefe ſhewes much of loue,
But much of griefe, ſhewes ſtill ſome want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for ſuch a feeling loſſe,
La. So ſhall you feele the loſſe, but not the friend
Which you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling ſo the loſſe,
I cannot chuſe but euer weepe the friend.
La. Well Girle, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the Villaine liues which ſlaughtered him.

Iu. What Villaine Madam?
La. That ſame Villaine *Romeo*.
Iu. Villaine, and he be many miles a ſunder;
God pardon him, I doe with all my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.
La. That is becauſe the Traytor liues.
Iu. I Madam, from the reach of theſe my hands
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou no
Then weepe no more, Ile ſend to one in *Mantua*,
Where that ſame baniſht Runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him ſuch an accuſtom'd dram,
That he ſhall ſoone keepe *Tibalt* companie:
And then I hope thou wilt be ſatisfied.
Iu. Indeed I neuer ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart, ſo for a Kinſman vext:
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyſon, I would temper it:
That *Romeo* ſhould vpon receit thereof,
Soone ſleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him nam'd and cannot come to him.
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath ſlaughtere dhim.
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and ile find ſuch a m
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tiding Girle.
Iu. And ioy comes well in ſuch a needy time,
What are they, I beſeech your Ladiſhip?
Mo. Well, well, thou haſt a carefull father childe
One who to put thee from thy heauineſſe,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Iu. Madam in happie time, what day is that?
Mo. Marrie my childe, early next Thurſday mo
The gallant, yong, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happly make thee there aioyfull Bride.